Vol. II. Numb. 55.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday September 30th. to Wednesday October 5th. 1709.

Q. *WE read in the New Teſtament of* the Feaſt of the Dedication, *whereas there is no ſuch Feaſt mention'd in the Law of* Moſes. *And therefore what Feaſt was that, and who appointed it ?*

A. Some take this Feaſt to have been a Feaſt appointed in Commemoration of the Dedication of the Newly Erected Temple. And even the firſt Temple, namely, that of *Solomon's*, was not built till ſome hundreds of Years after the Death of *Moſes*. But ſince we meet with no Anniverſary Solemnity inſtituted at the foreſaid Dedication of either *the Former* or *the Latter Houſe*, others with good reaſon refer this Annual Feſtival to that Dedication of *the Altar*, which was not only Then Obſerv'd, but was alſo Appointed to be Yearly Celebrated for the time to come ; Appointed by *Judas Maccabæus* together with his Brethren and the whole Congregation of *Iſrael* ; as it is Recorded, not only in *Joſephus's Antiquities*, but alſo in 1 *Mac.* 4. 56, 59. *And ſo they Kept the Dedication of the Altar eight days, and Offer'd Burnt-offerings with Gladneſs, and Sacrific'd the Sacrifice of Deliverance and Praiſe. Moreover, Judas and his Brethren and the whole Congregation of Iſrael ordain'd, that the days of the Dedication of the Altar ſhou'd be kept in their Seaſon from Year to Year, for the ſpace of eight days, from the five and twentieth day of the Month Caſleu, with Mirth and Gladneſs.*

And this is confirm'd from the time, wherein that Dedication-Solemnity, mention'd by St. *John*, was Celebrated. For the Evangeliſt tells us, that *it was Winter*. Now the 25th of the fore-mention'd *Caſleu* is Correſpondent to a part of *December* with Us, and conſequently falls out in the Winter Seaſon. Whereas we read in 1 *Kings* 8. 2. That the Firſt Temple was Dedicated in the Seventh Month. *And all the Men of Iſrael aſſembled themſelves unto King Solomon at the Feaſt in the Month Ethanim, which is the Seventh Month.* And their *Ethanim* or *Seventh Month*, fell out in Autumn. We alſo find in *Ezra* 6. 15, 16. that the ſecond Temple was Dedicated in the Month *Adar*. *And this houſe was finiſh'd on the third day of the Month Adar, which was in the 6th Year of the Reign of Darius the King. And the Children of Iſrael, the Prieſts and the Levites, and the reſt of the Children of the Captivity kept the Dedication of the houſe of God with joy.* And this time happen'd at the Commencement of the Spring. Since therefore the time, wherein the foreſaid Altar was Dedicated, ſo exactly anſwers to the time mention'd by St. *John* ; ſince the reſpective times, wherein the two Temples were at firſt Dedicated, do by no means Agree with it ; and ſince in the one Inſtance it is Expreſly written, that an Anniverſary Feſtival was Appointed, but in the other two Inſtances there is no ſuch matter upon record, we cannot poſſibly Demur, to which of the Three Inſtances that Dedication in St. *John* may juſtly be Refer'd. But tho' this Dedication was Particularly call'd *the Dedication of the Altar*, in that *a New Altar of Burnt-offerings* was Erected by the foreſaid *Judas Maccabæus*, yet it was a kind of New Dedication of the Temple, as Cleans'd and Purified after it's Defilement by *Antiochus*, it's Profanation by the *Heathens*.

It is here obſervable, that, ſince our Bleſſed Lord vouchſaf'd to honor this *Feaſt of the Dedication* with his Preſence, notwithſtanding it was no part of the Moſaick Inſtitution, it is Uſually and Pertinently urg'd from hence, that Feſtivals may be Lawfully Appointed by mere Human Authority in Commemoration of Publick, of Important Bleſſings.

Q. *What is the true Definition of a Fluid ? For ſome will not allow the Carteſian Definition.*

A. The Carteſian Definition of a Fluid, namely, that it is a Body, whoſe Parts are in Continual Motion, is therefore a Precarious Definition, becauſe it has not been prov'd either by Reaſon or Experience. And therefore They give the beſt Definition of a Fluid, who ſay, that it is a Body, whoſe Parts make no Reſiſtance to any Oppoſition, and by that means are readily capable of Motion.

Q. *Muſt not* Scipio Africanus *have Liv'd to a very great Age, if he Liv'd to Deſtroy* Carthage.

A. There were two *Scipio's*, who were Honor'd with the Sir-name of *Africanus* for their great Exploits againſt the *Carthagineans* in *Africa*, the one having finiſh'd the ſecond *Punic* War, the other the third and laſt. For it was uſual with the *Romans*

to reward their famous Generals with Honorary Sir-names taken from the Countries, which were their Scenes of Action. And therefore the Elder *Africanus*'s Brother was Sir-nam'd *Asiaticus*, for his management of the War againſt *Antiochus* in *Asia*, at what time *Africanus* condeſcended to ſerve under him as his *Legatus* or *Lieutenant*. The Younger *Africanus* was of another Family, namely, Son to *Æmilius*, but Adopted into the Family of the *Scipio*'s by the Son to the other *Africanus*. And therefore *Africanus Junior* was Grandſon by Adoption to *Africanus Senior*. It was the *Junior*, who together with *Lælius* (for *Scipio* and *Lælius* were at that time the moſt Refin'd Gentlemen in *Rome*) were the Patrons of the famous Comædian *Terence*. But as the *Junior* was the Patron of one Poet, ſo was the *Senior* of another; *viz.* of Old *Ennius*. So that they reſembled each other in Peace as well as War. And indeed they were ſo much alike, that by a general Character, we can ſcarce Diſtinguiſh them, unleſs we enter on a Detail of Particulars.

But had the Elder *Africanus* liv'd to the Deſtruction of *Carthage*, he had been towards 90 Years of Age, whereas he died about 37 Years before. But his Old Friend *Maſaniſſa*, King of *Numidia*, liv'd very near to that time, and Dying at the Age of 90 left his Son and Kingdom to the Management of the Younger *Africanus*, tho' at that time not ſo call'd.

Q. *What ſort of People were thoſe called* Eſſenes?

A. The *Eſſenes* were one of the Jewiſh Sects, and began above 150 Years before our Saviour's Birth; namely, in the days of the *Maccabees*. When the *Jews* ſuffer'd ſo ſevere a Perſecution from the Tyranny of *Antiochus*, many thouſands of them fled to the Woods and Mountains for Shelter from His Inhuman Cruelty, and there being extremely delighted with that otherwiſe Unpleaſant Solitude, which in thoſe days of Vengeance afforded them ſo Comfortable a Retreat, bethought themſelves of forming Religious Societies, and by the Prevalence of Cuſtom began to Prefer a Monaſtick Life. They are thought to have come the Neareſt to the *Pythagoreans*, and in many Particulars they perfectly reſembled them. For they allow'd of no Propriety of Goods, Attributed the Iſſue of their Affairs to an Over-ruling Deſtiny, Abſtain'd from innocent Enjoyments, Forbad the Uſe of the Grape, and thought it Criminal to make any Oblations of Bloody Sacrifices. They were ſtrict *Diſciplinarians*, and allow'd Admittance to none into their retired Fraternity, till they had Previouſly undergone a three Year's Trial, that they might have ſome time to form a ſettled reſolution. Tho' their Monaſteries were at a Diſtance from places of Common reſort, and they never went up to *Jeruſalem* to Worſhip, yet they had ſo much regard for the Temple as to Preſent their Offerings and Donations in that Sacred place. They were ſo ſevere in the obſervance of the Rules of Juſtice as to Out-do (if poſſible) the very Pretences of the *Phariſees*. How much more then did Their Juſtice *Exceed the* Real Juſtice *of the Scribes and Phariſees*. Well may it be ſaid of Them, that *in the Sweat of their Brow they Eat Bread*, ſince they were All oblig'd to maintain themſelves by the Product of their Own labor. They look'd upon the Body as Below their Regard, as Unworthy of their Care, and Renounc'd the Uſe of the Nuptial Bed. They Studied the Nature of Angels, and had ſome in Peculiar Veneration. They call'd the Rules, which they preſcrib'd themſelves, *the Doctrines of Wiſdom*. And in this they fell ſhort of the Modeſty of *Pythagoras*, who diſcarded the Pompous Title of Σοφὸς, *a Wiſe Man*, and choſe that of Φιλόσοφος, *a Lover of Wiſdom*. But otherwiſe the *Eſſenes* made an uncommon appearance of more than ordinary Humility. Their manner of Living they ſtil'd *Worſhip*.

As Many are ready to enquire, whence it came to paſs, that the Writers of the New Teſtament ſhou'd take no Notice of this Sect, but paſs them by in Silence, ſo others very reaſonably reply, that ſince they liv'd ſuch recluſe lives, and intermedled not with any Man's concerns, there was no occaſion to ſpeak of them. However, we cannot but approve of Their Opinion, who believe, that there are ſome Alluſions in the New Teſtament to this very Sect. And in Confirmation of this we refer the Reader to *Col.* 2. 20. and following Verſes. For tho' the Apoſtle may there allude to the *Pythagoreans* and ſome other Philoſophers, yet, ſince the ſame Paſſage may have more than one View or Alluſion, we cannot perſuade our ſelves, but that he alſo alludes to the *Eſſenes*, ſince every part of the ſeveral Particulars, he mentions, is ſo exactly agreeable to the Deſcription of this People to be met with in *Philo* and *Joſephus*.

Q. *Maſter* Pollo *I am a pore Woman and liſe upon the Side of a Comon and haſe a breute of a Hosband that maks Monſtors of moſt of Our Nabors by puting horns Other heds to thert grat Sorow he Swars ſo that he maks them afraid to beat him for thay think him a divel but ſom tell me thers a man that can cure him for a grote I think thay call him a Doctor he des grat good to hogs and horſes but can yuddle nun but fuſ. thars a Statue gainſt deſpeeing a man and I ſhod be loth to Suffor by law Law ſo I pray yu ſeme adviſe how to deal with him pray tu me as ſoon as poſſible you can and Ile ſend for Worſhip a Goos at Chriſtmus.*

A. By no means yonſe the Operatur vor yew may be the furſt that repents but rader du as I du vor I haſe got zutch anoder dunder whelp of a husban the mungie Toawd is as dull as a Dormouſe at hom but a vary toun Bull abroad now I alwaes get Intelegence whare he goes and than I put zum ſtrong Purge in his Vittils or Drink, zo that one Moſhon provokin anoder he puts tham in zutch condithon thay have littil ſtomac to him agin bezides than I can ſmel him out yew wil finde rezon to thank vor this yowr lofin Frind and wif to *Appolles* Herdſmon *Joan Woodaveal*

Q. *Had I not obſerved that the* Female Tatler *will baulk at no Scurrility his Imagination can ſuggeſt to him without a Glimpſe of Truth, I ſhould admire at his rude affronting a Gentleman of your Society, as if he liv'd in* Spring-Garden *for Protection, when it is well known he has been at* Chelſea *near all this Summer, that he is as open and free in all places as any Merchant on the* Exchange, *and has a Clear Eſtate in Land in* Suſſex, *of ſomething better dependance than that Author's, which lies all beneath his Hat, but in ſuch ſhatter'd Condition, that a* Grubſtreet *Writer would not purchace them, at the Charge of an half-penny Pamphlet. Pray let your* Groom *divert this Town with one laſh at him more.*

A. Alas! his Libels now credit any Perſon more than his Encomiums, however in the Tail of our Paper, your Requeſt will be anſwer'd.

POEMS.

Q. TO Britiſh Genij *thus my Humble Muſe,*
(Who with delight your God-like labors
(views)
Intreats you would the real cauſe produce.
Why cold Neglect my Paſſion ſhould improve,
And cruel Scorn urge my fond Heart to Love
'Tis neither Intereſt, nor a Brutal Flame,
That makes me doat upon her Lovely Frame.

BIBLIOTECA NACIONAL

My

My Paſſion's pure as is the Veſtal Fire,
Free from a Sordid Thought, or Looſe Deſire.
Long has my Soul been Captive to her Charms,
Her very Sight my Faculties Alarms.
And tho' I do believe 'tis fix'd by Fate,
That I am doom'd to Love, and She to Hate;
Yet can I not my Longing Eyes reſtrain,
Or ceaſe to Love the cauſe of all my Pain.
Oh! let your matchleſs Prudence calm my Breaſt,
And eaſe my Anguiſh, bane of Health and Reſt.

A. The Gods, who know the Frailty of our State,
And what ſhort Joys on our Diſpoſure wait,
Supply with *Expectation*, what we miſs,
When we are in Poſſeſſion of the Bliſs.
Thus few with what th' enjoy contented be,
But further ſearch to find Felicity.
If what they wiſh they can obtain, they're ſure,
Their Bliſs is on a Baſis, muſt endure;
Thus whilſt the Nymph's unkind, the abſent Joy
Does all the Soul and Faculties employ.
If She complies---yes, you ſhall revel then
In flouds of Pleaſure; Oh! you'll be in Heav'n,
But ſhou'd She yeild---the Kind believing Fair
May find you---juſt as other Husbands are.

Q. Apollo, *I'm come*
A vaſt way from home,
Full two hundred Miles I am told,
And ſo't does appear,
Or my Wife I ſhou'd hear,
She is ſuch a terrible Scold.

Yet that I'd endure,
Since I know there's no Cure,
But alas! there's a far greater Evil,
Dear Jacky *ſhe'll Cry*
To a Neighbour hard by,
But to me, get you out you old Devil.

Nay, this too I'd bear
(Tho' very hard Fare)
Becauſe all my Neighbours I find,
(However with Scorns,
They look on my Horns)
Are certainly of the ſame Kind.

No, there's ſomething worſe,
Ordain'd for my Curſe,
She runs me each where on the Score;
Cou'd ever ill Fate,
Contrive a worſe State,
Than be Hen-peck'd, *a* Cuckold, *and* Poor?

Some Council pray give,
My ſelf to retrieve,
Cry her down, *you will ſay, I Divine*
But this will not do,
She'll cry me down too,
And her Credit is better than mine.

A. Your Caſe (tho' it's hard)
We fear you've deſerv'd,
Which by your ſmall Credit appears;
That abroad not alone,
Into Debt you are Gone,
But 're in Debt at home up to the Ears.

No longer then wander,
And what's her due ſquander,
But handſomely quit ev'ry Score,
And ſo you may find,
Affairs to your Mind,
Nor be *Henpeck'd*, a *Cuckold*, or *Poor*.

Q. *For my Bread I do Scribble, and as I'm a Hack,*
It goes very hard with me, this being long Vac.
Yet my Wife would perſuade me (as I'm a Sinner)
To have a fat Gooſe on St. Michael *for Dinner;*
And then all the Year round, I pray you would mind it,
I ſhall not want Money, Oh! grant I may find it.
Now ſeveral there are that believe this is true,
Yet the Reaſon of this is deſir'd from You.

A. It was very hard in the *Vac* without Gains,
And you were in yeilding a Gooſe for your Pains:
For we think you're ſo far from having of more,
That the Price of the Gooſe you have leſs than before;
The Cuſtom came up from the Tenant's preſenting
Their Landlord with Geeſe, to Encline their Relenting
On following Payments, but alas! thou poor *Hack*,
What are Landlords to Thee, it is Money you lack.

Q. *Sagacious Youths, the wondrous cauſe aſſign,*
Why, when ſupinely I my ſelf indulge
With balmy Slumbers, various Thoughts confus'd,
Poſſeſs my Heart, and revel in my Brain.
How Morpheus, *that fantaſtick Deity,*
Such Mimick Phantoms in our Minds can raiſe,
And ſtrange Ideas place before our Eyes,
In thouſand different Forms, uncouth and Diverſe;
Which copious Fancy waking can't conceive.
Your Solution humbly do requeſt,
So may Your hours revolve in balmy Peace.

A. When *Reaſon* in Nocturnal Scenes retires,
Phancy, her *Mimick*, with Deſpotick Sway,
Rules, and wild Images incongruous
Diſplays, which not the leaſt Proportion Bear:
Thus B---r, in the Form of Batter'd Punk,
Plagues thoſe who read him with Prepoſt'rous Tales;
Which no Coherence hold or Glimpſe of Truth,
Forg'd in the Barren Brain of ſordid Wretch,
Who Lies and Scandals propagates for Bread,
But ſo ridiculous the World believes
He Dreams, or if awake but Nods at beſt.

In laſt Paper, Col. 6. L. 51. for *leaſt*, r. *laſt*.

SIR,

SIR,

THE Letters from Bruſſels October the 9th adviſe, that they have ſent from thence to the Army before Mons 40 heavy Cannon, and as many great Mortars, with all ſorts of Proviſions; that the day before two ſtrong Regiments of Foot, from Bergen op Zoom, and Bois-le-Duc arriv'd there, and will March to Morrow with ſeveral more of the Neighbouring Garriſons, to reinforce the Army; That the Stormy Weather and great Rains, which they have had for 12 days have ſomewhat retarded the Siege of Mons, which they thought to have been Maſters of by the 12th Inſtant; that notwithſtanding they loſe no time, and ſpare no Powder, for they continually keep firing from their Batteries Day and Night, and throw a vaſt Number of Bombs into the Town; that the Beſieged have been obliged to abandon the Covered-way of the Horn work; which is the principal defence of the Town, and that a Bomb falling into a Magazine of one of our Batteries, ſeveral Bombs took Fire and did ſome Miſchief; The Advices from the Hague Octob. 8th are, that from the Camp they write, That in the Late Battle we took 20 Colours, 26 Standards, 4 Kettle-Drums and 16 pieces of Cannon, beſides ſome other Colours and Standards taken by the Pruſſians, of which they have not yet given an Account; That ſome Advices from Poland ſay, King Staniſlaus has diſbanded his Forces, abdicated his Title, and gone to Lublin to wait on the Czar, of which Confirmation is expected. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

Apollo's Groom *and* Francis.

Fr. MR. Groom, *I thought to have heard from you e'er this, on my Maſter's Paper of Wedneſday laſt.*

Gr. The truth is, I have but juſt met with it. I was in Search of it all over St. *James's*, but the few that took it in, had caſt it off again. At *Charing Croſs*, and there it was no more heard of. Then I went to *Weſtminſter*, and I was ask'd, what King's Reign it was Publiſh'd in? And about *Bloomsbury*, they took my Enquiry for an Affront to their Underſtandings.

Fr. Indeed, I told my Maſter at firſt, the Title of Monſieur Crackſtaff *had been better than* Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *becauſe, tho' whilſt the Town believ'd the Author a Woman, they might in Civility to the Sex bear with it, yet, when they come to diſcover* It, *a Coarſe* He Thing *in Petticoats, awkwardly Perſonating them in their retir'd Affairs, it wou'd be as Contemptibly hiſs'd out of the World, as his Devil of a Play was laſt ſeaſon, hiſs'd off the Stage.*

Gr. Beſides, he has groſly affronted all the Ladies, by expoſing one of their Sex under ſuch a vile Character and diſcourſing ſuch wretched Balderdaſh, to Inſtance only in that one Paper (of a piece with all the reſt) *She is under neceſſity of Raking in his Dunghill* ——Whence People conclude She ſprung out of one. Then his wicked Pun, which a Country Squire at a Wake had been aſham'd of——*LIGHT upon his Papers, or rather LIGHT* their Pipes with them, with a Change of the Character to make it *the more remarkably dull.* But Oh! that bright Expreſſion for a Lady's Mouth——*If he had not leſs Guts in his Brains than in his Poſteriors, he wou'd never have ſhewn his B*——To wave the egregious Nonſenſe of it, wou'd he not be angry to have this call'd Fiſh-wive's Dialect.

Fr. But what think you of that glorious Thought, Pawning the Horſes of the Sun to a Stationer?

Gr. As (what all think of it) intolerable Bombaſt. But what enclin'd him in his Paper before to be ſo tender of People's Reputation?

Fr. The old Proverb, the burnt Child dreads the Fire. *Every one knows what wrought that Compunction. Yet he could not live out of his Element two Papers, for in the next he return'd,* like a Dog to his Vomit.

Gr. Know you the meaning of that fetch, of pretending Letters from *Coventry, Oxford, Cambridge* and *Edenburgh*, when I am inform'd his Papers are as well known in the Great *Mogul's* Country.

Fr, That was a fine Thought, being to trick People into a belief his Papers go thither.

Gr. Before he promis'd to enquire after the truth of Relations, e'er he publiſh'd them, now he will publiſh all in their Turns, that is, if he has one from *Scotland*, he will take a Trip thither for Satisfaction, before he proceeds on another.

Fr. But now prepare for his terrible Artillery againſt your Maſter in No. 51. 2d Vol. Apollo, *ſays* ——*Light conceals, without any thing after it for the Verb to govern.*

Gr. Did ever Dabler in Poetry make ſuch a ſilly Objection, a thouſand Inſtances might be brought from our brighteſt Authors, where the *Licentia Poetica* is extended far beyond this, but to mention one *à propos* to the Matter from the Prince of Poets, *Cowley* ——*She Loves and She Confeſſes too.* Where there be two Verbs in one Line, without any thing after for the Verbs to govern.

Fr. But then, Apollo *ſays,*——True to the firſt yet to Poſterior move——*my Maſter tells you, this is to make* Liberia *conſtant and Inconſtant at the ſame time.*

Gr. A Child at School had been whipt, for not apprehending from the Lines before, that this was reflected as a Paradox, that ſhe ſhou'd appear ſo.

Fr. I muſt confeſs, I think the Spirit of Dullneſs had ſeiz'd him here. But now comes the fatal Blow——Ten thouſand Buſy Diſcords in a Day, *can you make Senſe of that.*

Gr. No, nor all the World, 'tis as true ſubſtantial Nonſenſe, as if it came out of *Crackenthorpe's* own Mouth.

Fr. How then do you defend it?

Gr. There needs no Defence. With what Face can ſuch a vile Scribler appear in Print again, after a Prevarication ſo abominable? For the words in that *Apollo* No 51 (to which I deſire the Reader to turn) are, *Ten thouſand Diſcord Notes in buſy Day*——I challenge him to produce better (if ſo good) Senſe in all his Writings. Certainly were he not joyntly infatuated with Malice and Folly, he cou'd not be guilty of an Enormity, ſo obvious to ev'ry one's Detection.

Fr. Since he is put to ſuch wretched ſhifts, I find it was high time for him to Promiſe *to have nothing more to do with* Apollo.

Gr. Tho' I ſuppoſe he has little Stomach to it, yet he will not be able to forbear, *becauſe he has promis'd,* were it only for the dear ſake of *ſalſifying.*

Fr. Oh! but his Hon--hon--hon---I cannot bring out that fine word in ſuch a foul Cauſe.

Gr. His Honor you wou'd ſay, alas! that Term is Antipathy to him. Beſides, he may take his old Method, forge a Letter to *Crackenthorpe* of Reflections on *Apollo*, and how wonderfully her Paper takes.

Fr. Since you have ſo maul'd my Maſter, I wonder you will not take to writing Characters.

Gr. No, I ſhall never ſacrifice my Reputation, and riſk my Bones for the glorious Title of a *Buffoon* or *Jack Pudden*, to make others Sport---But by this, my Dinner waits my Appetite.

Fr. And I am ſure my Appetite waits my Dinner; So Adieu.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AS it would be no leſs diſreſpectful than injurious to the Pulick to conceal the Merits of Mr. *Grant*, OCULIST. This is therefore to certify, that I *William Dixon*, now a Penſioner in Her Majeſty's Royal Hoſpital at *Chelſea*, aged 67 Years, having ſeveral Years loſt my Sight by *Cataracts*, and ſubmitted my ſelf to be couched of both Eyes ſome Years ago, but without Succeſs; but hearing of the many rare Cures perform'd by the aforeſaid Mr. *Grant*, I made my Application to him, who thro' the Bleſſing of God couched both my Eyes, and reſtored me to Sight in five Minutes. Which Operation was perform'd *Gratis*. To the Truth of which I am ready to make Oath. Witneſs my Hand, *William Dixon.*

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